A ſad and ſolemne FVNE-
RALL, of the right Honorable
ſir *FRANCIS KNOWLES*
knight, treaſorer of the Queenes
Maieſties houſhold, one of hir pri-
vie councell, and knight of
the moſt honorable
order of the
Garter.

VVritten by Thomas
Churchyard Eſquier.

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To the right honorable my very good Lord, the
Lord DELAWARE, Thomas Churchyard
wisheth much worldly honor and happines,
with heauenly grace, and great
desired felicitie.

MY good Lord, I looked for better motions to write off, but mooued with worse causes than either I thought to treate on or see, followes matter presently ministred, of heauines, sorrow, & mourning fit for my aged yeers to thinke on, but vnapt for your honorable eares to heare of: notwithstāding the strange euents that time produceth (and all ages do offer) with the woōderfull workes of the Lord, my muse and pen is compelled to write that I wish not, and follow the course of hard destinies that often comes without welcome, and are to be obeyed because they bring no remedie with them. The liues of good men are gladsome to heare of, but the death of euery one in generall, is heauy to behold: first for the losse of friends, (for the affection we beare them,) & for the want of those we can not call againe (whatsoeuer neede requireth their presence) nor beare eeuenly the losse of such as we are bounde to fauor when death takes them hence, and life denies them any longer continuance on earth: my good Lord your noble father who fauored me much, and my Lord Chamberlaine that loued me not a little, (whose troth and woorthines I am too meane to write of) sturs vp my spirits (that in a maner drowpeth to honor the names of those that were woorthies in our age, and shew in verse that men

of

of value and laudation ſhould be alwaies honored in the beſt ſort we can deuiſe. Thus waying the ſudden departures of diuers woorthie men (in their calling and vocation) ſome famous and learned Biſhops, ſome renowmed Captaines and couragious Leaders, and ſome moſt honorable Perſonages, Gouernours of our ſtate, taken all away together in one yeere. I not onely lament ſoe great a loſſe, but in the number reherſed haue founde out one among the cheife an honorable Knight, I knew for many parts well abled in goodnes to be written of to the vttermoſt of my inuentions and skill, thinking my ſelfe fortunate to ſet foorth the vnſtained life of ſo happie a Councellor: but my great loue to him, preſumſion and forwardnes to enrowle his name among a multitude, makes me paſſe the bonds of ordinary duty, and freely vtter the opinion conceiued of his vertues, which neither pen can amplely pronounce, nor writer may eaſily ſet out: God grant the curious wits of the world ſtand as well pleaſed with my pains, as your L. I dout not is glad to heare your worthy father in law praiſed, then I account my labor well beſtowed, and ſo take leaue, wiſhing your Lordſhip long life and bleſſednes, with double increaſe of vertue and honor.

In the compaſſe of one yeere there died of the Clergy, of the Lawyers, and honorable counſellers, ſo many Byſhops, Captaines, and Gouernours whoſe names follow heerafter.

Byſhop of London *D. Fletcher.*
Byſhop of Wincheſter.
Byſhop of Chicheſter *D. Bycklie.*
Byſhop of Cheſter *D. Byllyt.*
D. Whittakers
Maſter of *S. Johns* in Cambridge.
Captaines, Sir *Martyn Forby Gar.*
Sir *Roger Williams.*
Sir *T. Morgan.*
Sir *Fr. Drake.*
Sir *I. Hawkins.*
Sir *R. Clifford.*

COld grue the yeere, dym waxt both clouds and Sun
The ſomers pride, ſhronke vp with ſhowers of rain
The birds flue home, the ſheepe to fold did run
Men tooke the houſe, and beaſts forſooke the plain
Ech thing fled faſt, from fearfull thunder crack
Doems day was come, yong baebs and maydens thoght
Gods threatning wrath, ſaid all ſhould go to wrack
None ſhould be ſau'd, ſaue thoſe that Chriſt hath boght
When I ſtept vp, and peeping out apace
Hard rufull newes, and many a heauy cace.

In one yeers courſe, died many men of marke
Some of the Church, both learned wiſe and graue
Whoſe books may not, be buryd in the darke
Becauſe their liues, a crowne of glory craue:
Some MARS his ſons, whoſe ſaruice witnes beares
Their minds were great, and brought great things to pas
For whoſe great want, wiſe world may ſhed ſome teares
When need coms on, to trie good gold from glas
Some ſat to iudge, like Senats in their ſeat
Now lyes full lowe, the loſſe of whom is great.

If

If one yeers wrack, makes all theſe ſorrowes ries,
As one ſore plaeg, makes thouſands waile and weepe
Then muſt we all, ſtand pleaſd with angry skies
And kis the earth, wherein our Fathers ſleepe
Three ſorts of men, are quickly crept away
Like twinkling ſtars, that ſhoot from clouds in haeſt
Seemd freſh and faire, like flowrs loe heer to day
To morrow dead, woorth noght like weeds lies waeſt
Wiſdom and woorth, that wold aſpire and clyme
Are but a puffe, and bubble for a time.

The Earle
Huntingto
The Lord
Delamare.
Honorable
Councelle
Sir *T. Henn*
age.
Sir *I. Woll*
Sir *I. Puck*
ring L. Keep
Sir *Francis*
Knowles.
The *L. Ch*
berlaine.

But yet good knight, the lamp and torch of troeth
Sir FRANCIS KNOWLES, I can not ſo forget
Thogh corſe to church, and ſoule to heauen goeth
And body needs, muſt pay the earth his det
Good will of men, ſhall wait vpon thy toem
And Fame hir ſelfe, thy funerall ſhall make
And regiſter, thy name till day of doem
In booke of life, for thy great vertues ſake
Thy friends ſhall mourne, not with long clokes of black
But with ſad looks, of doell behinde thy back.

The

The Prince and court, ſhall myſs thee many wayes
Thy honeſt life, ſhall lead vs all the dance
Thy faithfull men, whoſe fortune thou didſt rayes
Shall daily bleſs, thy bones for their good chance
Thy ſons ſhall learn, the fathers ſteps to tread
Thy kyn ſhall ioy, that they are of thy blood
The learned ſort, in Cronikels ſhall read
Of thy great race, great things ſhall do them good
Thy neighbors now, in court, in feeld, and towne,
VVith trumpet ſhrill, ſhall ſound thy true renowne.

The Lords and Knights, that at thy table fed
And all good gheſts, that thither did repaire
Shall honor thee, and thine, thogh thou be dead
Make of thy praiſe, an ecco in the aire
Yea drom and fyfe, and all the marſhall crue
In warlyke gyes, ſhall wait vpon thy hers
Fine wryters too, and lawreat poets nue
On thy farewell, ſhall pen out many a vers
And garlands gaie, ſhall veſtall virgins fling
On thy cold graue, whiles clampring bels do ring.

Chaeſt

Chaeſt life wins lawd, clean thoghts throw clouds doth (mount
True hart gains friends, and makes proud enimies bluſh
Plain dealing ſtill, coms quickly to account
In ſhocking world, good minde abides the puſh
VVho ſtands vpright, feares neither foile nor fall
VVho fears God well, and Princes lawe obaies
Is happy heer, and hence moſt bleſt of all
Liues like a ſaint, and gains immortall praies
Theſe vertues rare, did blaze like ſtar in thee
VVith greater gifts, in beſt and higheſt degree.

The day of death, ſhoes what the life hath byn
As apples ſweet, tels what the tree is woorth
The laſt adue, doth greateſt credit wyn
If it be good, and brings good matter foorth,
The knitting vp, of all things prooueth beſt,
The date of man, in ballance ſo is waid
Life, death and all, on good report doth reſt
VVhere ſafely from, all ſtorms, good name is ſtaid
Poſſeſſe with grace, that place and ancker hold
More woorth in price, than precious pearle or gold.

Thus

Thus now I hope, in bleſſed Abrams breſt
(VVhere angels ſing, ſweet hyms and neuer ceaſe
Before Gods throne, ſir FRANCIS KNOWLS doth reſt
From labors all, and liues in endles peace,
And all the ſoules, that heer before I name
Both great deuines, and captaines in this land
And counſellors, of higheſt place and fame
In preſence now, of great IEHOVA ſtand
My hope is ſuch, and ſo will follow faſt
The ſteps to death, and path that they haue paſt.

FINIS.